

hotel and lunchroom. The army of General George A. Custer discovered gold while encamped on the spot that later became the site of the town. This event made the town, and the presence of General Custer resulted in the use of his name. Then the commander led his men north after the forces of Sitting Bull who cunningly contrived the historic massacre. In the meantime, August, 1875, a plat of the budding city was drawn on birch bark, not because it seemed to be the best material but because none of the settlers had any paper. In those early frontier days the common necessities of life were often unobtainable.

Gold was next taken out of Deadwood Gulch. Within a few days the building of the town began. It took its name from the gulch, a tangle of nearly impassable underbrush and dense growth of pine thickly marked with dead timber. Here adventurers rushed from all the states, Canada, and even Mexico. Men drank, gambled, played fast and loose, with the right hand ever ready for a quick draw and both eyes ever watchful for the smallest sign of danger and turbulent conflicts. To wine, women and song, wealth was added often; perhaps more often, total loss at cards including the grub stake. No man's life was safe. Within a few months after the wild scramble began a Mr. Wheeler and two partners had taken \$140,000 out of Mother Nature's bulging pocket.

The Gold City of the West

"PLACERS yielded fabulously," the oldest newspaper in the Black Hills averred. "Quartz brilliant with gold passed from hand to hand. Speculation in town lots amounted to a furor of the wildest kind. Everybody wanted to buy real estate. All did who could. Building was at its height, taxing to the utmost Boughton & Berry's sawmill which ran day and night. Workers were in great demand. He who could saw a board or drive a nail could command his own price."

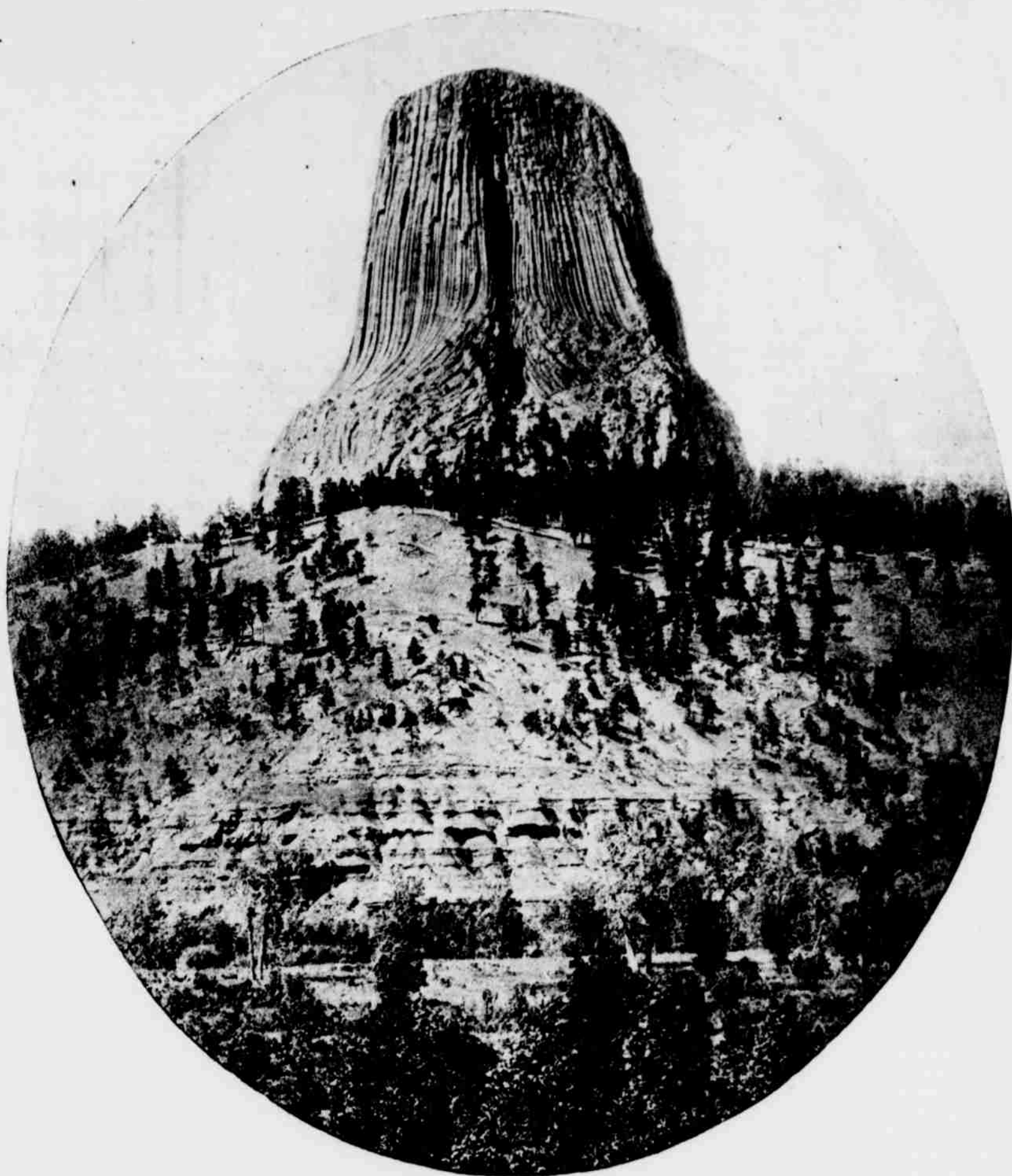
All that is gone now. Deadwood is a civilized town surrounded by rich mines. The gulch and the old stage road remain. No more do agents lie in wait for the rumbling, careening, outgoing stage with its treasure of gold dust. One cannot stand on the corner of a busy street, however, without visualizing those old days of primitive instincts and emotions when the word of the mightiest man was the only law.

Three miles to the southwest and 550 feet higher than its sister city is Lead, the gold queen of the Hills. The tourist will find here the great Homesake mine, the greatest producer from low-grade ore in America if not in the world. More than three thousand men are employed, and some of them work a half mile beneath the surface. Hundreds of heavy stamps pound the ore incessantly in the process of separating the precious metal from its rocky tomb. Gigantic engines and mammoth machinery operate the mine. Visitors are cordially received but never permitted to descend into the shafts or tunnels that man, the mole, has laboriously carved in the mountain.

One Breathes Deeply Here

THE trip from Deadwood through the Spearfish Canyon to the city of the same name will never be forgotten if once made. In thirty-one lineal miles the railroad makes 375 curves while the pitch averages a hundred feet to the mile. The lift from Deadwood through Englewood to Portland exceeds a third of a mile. From Portland on to Spearfish, only twenty-five miles, the drop is 2,778 feet. At one point the traveler can look out of the car window and see three sections of the track on which the train has spiraled upward. The danger cannot be accounted serious, however, as the train has the track for its own exclusive use. It leaves Deadwood every morning, arrives at Spearfish near noon, and gets back to the starting point in plenty of time for supper.

From the windows of the coaches the passengers can obtain glimpses of Wyoming to the west and of Montana to the north. The rays of the sun illumine the castellated mountains of barren rock, of red and yellow



A freak formation, The Devil's Tower, near Sundance, Wyoming.

Courtesy of the National Park Service

sandstone and gray granite, which form the sides of the colorful gorge. At its bottom the Spearfish River lashes and lunges onward, hastily making its mad descent at the rate of a hundred feet to the mile; its water is muddy red from the waste of the cyanide plants that separate the gold from the ore. The Spearfish Falls gleam in the distance like a ribbon of the finest silver, and above them lies their snow blanket. Lakes dot the Hills. Beyond, ever beyond, is the dark green or near-black of the spruce and the pines with an occasional relief provided by clumps of white birch. The air is dry and fragrant with the pungency peculiar to the evergreens. One breathes deeply without effort. One vaguely wonders how anybody could sicken or die amid such invigoration; for it seems that there, if no-

where else, man should live forever.

The Hills are not awesomely grand like the Alps or the Himalayas; but they embody much that the widely scattered show-places of the earth contain. With its gold and mineral wealth, its placid lakes and rushing rivers, its falls and hot springs, its canyons and peaks, its rock formations and caves, its brilliant sunshine and raiment of evergreens, its balmy atmosphere and the clearest moon—with all these, the Hills are the Alps and the Himalayas and the Rockies in miniature. And one cannot forget the turquoise blue dome of the sky overhead. As Byron might have written and as Omar Khayyam did write in his "Rubaiyat" about another subject, the scenic gem of the central Northwest is truly "paradise enow."

The Little Giant of British Labor

London, June—
(By Mail.)

J. R. CLYNES is just past fifty years of age. He began work as a half-timer in a mill in Oldham. Two years later he was a full-timer, doing a man's work.

No man before the British public at the present time has had such struggles to gain a foothold among his fellow men. Clynes left school at the age of twelve and about the only thing he remembered of his schooling is the canings he received from a priest. He hated school and everything and everybody connected with it.

His real education began when he heard of a local schoolmaster who had evening classes in his house. For the consideration of two pences an evening the schoolmaster undertook to teach him something—without the aid of a stick.

There is a good story told of Clynes—and it is well authenticated—that his first attempts at public speech were made under unique circumstances. He made the acquaintance of a young Irishman named, Byrne, who was a gifted street orator. The Irish boy undertook to initiate Clynes into the art of self-expression. They went to an abandoned stone quarry outside the town and practiced on each other until the Celt was assured that his pupil was ready for promotion. Hardly anybody beyond the small circle of their personal friends ever knew that the fierce debate in a public hall between Byrne and Clynes was a "frameup." Clynes wiped the floor—or the platform—with his friend the orator and Byrne was assured that his time had been well spent.

Mr. Clynes, when asked about the influence of books in his life, mentioned three. First, a cheap dictionary, which he copied page by page in order to acquire a vocabulary. The second was "The Seven Lamps," by Ruskin, and the third was a volume by Emerson. These

he read while he was unable either to buy or borrow them. He read them at a second-hand book stall, under the pretext that he was looking for something to buy!

He ultimately bought "The Seven Lamps" for a shilling. "This price, low as it was," says Clynes, "upset my spending-money arrangements for three weeks."

At the age of 21, he began his work as Labor organizer for the Oldham district and for nearly a quarter of a century, was secretary of the Oldham Trades and Labor Council.

For some years he has been president of the National Federation of General Workers, with headquarters in London. He is a member of Parliament who is one hundred per cent proletarian and of the very warp and woof of the working class. When Lord Rhenda became food controller he chose Clynes as his Parliamentary secretary and when Rhenda resigned, the Prime Minister appointed Clynes to the position.

By this act a Lancashire cotton hand became the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes, a position he held with more distinction than any of his predecessors in that office, until the Labor movement broke their truce with the government and withdrew their members. Two other Labor members held their Cabinet positions and were repudiated by the Labor movement. Clynes worked in harness, did his job and held the respect of the British people, the British Government and the Labor movement.

Burns went out in pique. Henderson went out on a trivial misunderstanding. Roberts and Barnes broke with Labor and remained in the government.

During the war, the most illuminating comment on General Haig as a commander-in-chief was—no com-

ment at all. There was nothing to say, either good or bad. The same thing might be said of Labor members of the Cabinet. There was nothing very good and nothing very bad. The old parliamentary hands of the Labor movement, the men of ability, were against the war and were therefore completely out of it, and when they offered themselves for re-election were shelved overwhelmingly. Those who were elevated to Cabinet rank showed no particular ability or adaptability for high office.

There is a suspicion abroad, even among the ultra respectables, that even while in high office they were unable to shake themselves loose from the all too obvious stamp of a servile tradition. Even Clynes referred to himself in the House of Commons once, as, "a common laborer." I am inclined to believe that this undue and wholly unnecessary meekness had much to do with the breaking of the truce between Labor and the government. As a Cabinet officer, Mr. Clynes, more than any of his Labor colleagues, displayed the qualities of statesmanship. He became the one outstanding success. He worked on equal terms with his chance colleagues of other political parties. He had courage, balance and vision.

In the Labor movement Clynes is the outstanding and pronounced opponent of direct action. As a consequence when addressing Labor meetings of a general character he meets more opposition than any other leader. Nevertheless, he has just been elected chairman of the Parliamentary Labor group in the House of Commons.

The mind of England is being prepared for a Labor government. When the day arrives, one of three men—Henderson, Thomas, Clynes—will be summoned to Buckingham Palace. In that case the little man from Oldham would easily outdistance all others in the race for the Premiership.